# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1912. NUMBER 25.

**BENEDICITE**

**"All green things on the earth, bless ye the Lord!"**
**So sang the choir while ice-cased branches beat**
**The frosty window-panes, and at our feet**
**The frozen, tortured sod but mocked the word,**
**And seemed to cry like some poor soul in pain,**
**"Lord, suffering and endurance fill my days;**
**The growing green things will their Maker praise—**
**The happy green things, growing in warm rain!"**
**"So God lacks praise while all the fields are white!"**
**I said; then smiled, remembering southward far,**
**How pampas grass swayed green in summer light.**
**Nay, God hears always from this swinging star,**
**Decani and Cantoris, South and North,**
**Each answering other, praises pouring forth.**

*—Anna Callender Brackett.*

---

Toleration is a recent and still rare grace, but the open-mindedness that can appreciate one who differs from us and admire sincerity on the other side is still rarer. The following note from a "progressive" sister points a moral. She need not know how many sisters have spurned UNITY because of its espousal of her side of the question. However, the check is duly appreciated and we bid her good cheer in her campaign, and trust that her children may be saved from the pernicious influence of the literature she dreads. Perhaps our own editorial on the subject might serve as an antidote. But here is the note:

Editor of UNITY: Enclosed find check to cover my subscription to UNITY until April 3, 1912, at which time I request you to discontinue the paper to my address. Pardon my offering what may seem a very intolerant reason for this request, but the articles of Professor Foster have surpassed even the smug insolence of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I do not care to put that kind of literature into the hands of my children.

---

*The Literary Digest* of February 10 has further comment on the religious statistics, based on the Census of 1910, recently compiled by Dr. Carroll. The increase in the last decade is reported as a little less than 1.7 per cent. of churches and communicants in the United States. Various causes are assigned, but there seems to be no evading of the obstinate fact that the churches are practically at a standstill while, in the United States at least, all the other interests of life, schools, libraries, museums and, of course, all the industrial interests are forging ahead at a tremendous rate. Believing as we do that man is "hopelessly religious" and that in the long run the churches represent permanent needs, we can but believe that this shortage, be it apparent or real, is temporary. We further believe that the chief cause of this waning among the churches springs from the dissipation of energies caused by the senseless multiplication of sects and the stultification of mind incident to the conservative perpetuation of creeds and dogmas that have been outgrown. Once they were strength and inspiration because men believed them, now they are a handicap, a clog, because men have ceased to believe in them but are still compelled to profess a belief.

---

The Summer School of Theology set forth in the following notice which has reached us from across the sea, must awaken hearty yearnings in many a tired preacher's breast. Just think of it, a ten-day sojourn amid the classic walks and halls of Oxford, with the opportunity of sitting at the feet of these Masters. Here is an opportunity to find rest and mental quickening and a new freshness of thought for theological students, ministers, and that ever growing class of unordained men and women who are applying themselves with growing skill to the problems of human betterment, individual and civic well-being.

A Summer School of Theology for men and women will be held at Oxford from July 22nd to August 2nd, embracing about fifty lectures on the Philosophy of Religion, Old and New Testament, Church History and Comparative Religion. The lectures will be given in the Hall of Trinity College, by the kind permission of the President and Fellows. Among the lecturers will be Professors G. A. Cooke, Percy Gardner, J. A. Smith, W. R. Sorley, G. Milligan, J. H. Moulton, K. Lake (Leiden), N. Söderblom (Upsala), B. W. Bacon (Yale), the principals of Mansfield and Manchester Colleges, Rev. W. E. Addis, Dr. Vernon Bartlett, Prof W. H. Bennett, Dr. A. J. Carlyle, Rev. R. T. Herford, Mr. R. R. Marett, Dr. James Moffatt, Dr. J. E. Odgers, Prof. John Oman, Rev. P. H. Wicksteed. Fee for the course, £1. Detailed announcements will be issued later.

A. J. CARLYLE.
J. ESTLIN CARPENTER.

*Oxford, January, 1912.*

---

A layman who finds time to be an active member of the Relief Committee of the United Charities in his district sends us some copies from his note-book and pertinently asks how long these things can remain in a community that boasts of a Christian civilization and among people who flatter themselves that they are law-abiding, community-serving and science-respecting people.

Following the instructions of the Committee the writer visited a number of poor families Saturday and Sunday,

and gave relief as follows:

First case: A widow with ten children ranging from five years to twenty-two. Her husband worked for a number of years in the stockyards as "beef lugger," and dropped dead about six years ago. The oldest child, a boy, is worthless, does not stay at home. She has two girls working who bring in about $12 to $15 a week, which is the only support. Has one simple girl, who is quite a charge, also an expense. Bought meats and groceries for $3.06, two tons of soft coal, $9.50. Total, $12.56.

Second case: Mr. and Mrs. ————. They live in four rear rooms. Have seven children, ranging from six months to twelve years. In very destitute circumstances. Husband apparently is an able-bodied and decent appearing fellow, unable to get work. We are trying to find work for him. The Charities have been helping some. Aided them as follows: Groceries, $3.71; meats, $2.75; two tons soft coal, $9.50; one month's rent, $9; total, $24.96.

Third case: Mrs. ———— lives in three small rooms, second floor, pays $7 per month rent. Husband has been dead several years. Has three children, nine, twelve and fifteen. Mrs. ———— worked in our sewing rooms several years, but has been home since middle of December. Expects to go to the hospital for an operation. They are in destitute circumstances. The girls in sewing room took up a collection amounting to $12.45. Gave the usual aid, amounting to $22.46.

Fourth case: Mr and Mrs. ———— live in the upstairs of a barn on the rear of a lot, in four rooms, for which they pay $7 a month. They are trying to live in one room by stuffing up all the cracks and crevices to keep out the cold. We were there yesterday near noon, and the wife and a child six years old were in bed; the husband was just starting a fire. Temperature in the room at that time was thirty degrees above zero, six degrees above when he got up. They had about half a basket of coal; scarcely anything to eat. Mr. ————, a very delicate man, has been sick and out of employment six weeks. Sent supplies amounting to $14.72. The United Charities knows of this case but has done nothing for them except in the way of a little clothing.

Fifth case: Mrs. ———— lives in three rooms for $7 per month rent. Husband was taken to the County Hospital Saturday at midnight with a bad case of pneumonia. They have two small boys, three and five years of age. Landlady was in just before we got there and ordered the woman out of the house, as rent was a few days past due. We paid one month's rent for her.

Sixth case: Mr. and Mrs. ————. Three small children, all of whom have measles. Husband has consumption, not able to do any work. The United Charities has been helping them some. We did not do anything for them except to buy two tons of soft coal, $9.50.

But the record grows monotonous. Here are minutes of four more cases which one business man found during one Saturday and Sunday, and all over the city of Chicago the work is going on. Scores of paid visitors do regular, systematic work, while these volunteer visitors must necessarily do irregular work. And yet Chicago's Opera Season this winter has been a great success. Society life is at high tide, the through trains are loaded with first-class passengers, seeking sunshine and rest, and still there are social philosophers who think Tolstoy a fanatic, his writings gruesome, and his humanitarian scruples ridiculous, or at least unnecessary.

## "General" Homer Lea

Next to Captain Richmond P. Hobson, "General" Homer Lea, sometimes of California and sometimes of China, has probably done more than any other American to raise goose-flesh upon sundry hordes of American citizens touching their pending doom at the hands of Japanese armies and navies. His book upon "The Valor of Ignorance" is a good second to the outpourings of the terrifying Alabama prophet. His title of "General," of which he makes imposing use, has added greatly to the tremblings of those who think that the real military gentlemen know it all. It is therefore interesting to read the following brief but pregnant word from Dr. David Starr Jordan in a recent San Francisco newspaper, giving some explicit information as to this redoubtable "general" and his credentials:

In a weekly journal in San Francisco I notice a reference to General Homer Lea of the United States army, retired, and to his military achievements.

This young man, born in Denver in 1875, has had an interesting career as a soldier of fortune, but so far as I know he has had no connection with the United States army or with any other recognized army.

He was a sophomore at Stanford University in 1900. In that year he went to Canton in the interest of the Chinese revolutionaries. After some months in China, with adventures not known to the public, he returned with a title from some Chinese secret society translated as "lieutenant-general."

He is the author of a brilliantly lurid novel, "The Vermilion Pencil," directed against the missionaries in China, and of a schoolboyish glorification of militarism entitled "The Valor of Ignorance," in which imaginary schemes of Japan for the conquest of California were laid bare. This volume, like "The Vermilion Pencil," is strictly a work of fiction.

## Nicholas Paine Gilman

The life of the student is necessarily a quiet and obscure one. The heroes of the study wear no plumes, and when they pass they leave brief biographies and inspire short eulogies, but they represent the Apostolic Succession, the continuity of the Prophets, and when one of these goes hence, something of strength has gone out of the motor that moves the car of progress.

Such an one was Nicholas Paine Gilman, who recently closed a diligent, earnest, honest, sincere, truth-seeking life at Meadville, Pennsylvania, where for seventeen years he had occupied the chair of sociology in the Meadville Theological School. Professor Gilman was western born, his native town being Quincy, Ill. His birth year was 1849. He graduated from the Harvard Divinity School in 1871 and, though he served as an active pastor for twelve years in three different Unitarian parishes in Massachusetts, he was from the first essentially a student and his final vocation was that of teacher. For three years he was Professor in Antioch College, for seven years he was editor of the *Literary World* during the formative period of that virile journal, and in 1892 he took up the work at the Meadville Theological School.

At that time this was a new task in a Theological School and still it is an inadequately recognized de-

partment of a minister's training. If religion concerns itself with the conduct of life, the ethical adjustment of society, and co-operative work in the interests of the Kingdom of Righteousness, how sadly strange is the distortion that makes so much more of theology, the *God*-science, than of sociology, the *man*-science. All of the great saviors of the world were more concerned with the man-science than they were with the God-science. Zoroaster, Confucius, Buddha, Jesus and Mohammed gave much more attention to the sociology than to the theology of religion. Professor Gilman, when he carried the problems of civic adjustment into the training of the minister was in line with the prophets of Jewry and the great sages and saints of the Church.

With modesty, tireless diligence and commendable independence did he pursue his work to the end.

How vital was this work is indicated by the titles of the volumes he contributed, all too few, to the study of human relations. "Profit Sharing Between Employer and Employee," 1889; "Laws of Daily Conduct," 1891; "Socialism and the American Spirit," 1893; "A Dividend to Labor," 1869; "Methods of Industrial Peace," 1904. Although comparatively few have pored over these books, those few were not only the thoughtful people but the thought-creating people. Here was a preacher preaching to preachers, a student writing for students, and the light of his torch was consequently passed on through the torches of many others lighted at his brand. In this notice, one of his debtors is glad to acknowledge his indebtedness.

Prof. Gilman's ashes found resting-place on the campus of the school he served so well, but his spirit is still at work, moving on to further conquests.

The following tribute from one of his pupils will find endorsement and renewed emphasis in the hearts of many who are now extending the message of Professor Gilman.

I cannot think of Mr. Gilman as dead. It is impossible for us to conceive of that gentle, patient, heroic spirit as touched by death. A truth-seeker and a truth-teller all his days, he is still seeking the truth and bearing witness to it. His was a rare personality, expecting the best of others and demanding the best of himself. A teacher who passed his truth through the fire of his own personality, he was beloved as well as revered by all his students. His was a balanced mind, especially needed in this time of stress and strain. An irreparable loss to Meadville!

He was a man with a great heart as well as a great mind; there was a well of deep sympathy in him. I shall always treasure his friendship as one of the precious realities of my life.

## An Informing Correspondence

A constant reader of UNITY, a vigilant worker for civic betterment in an adjoining city, sent to the Editor of UNITY the following note:

If you could find time to write me a line, I should consider it a great favor, as I am anxious to have your opinion as to what proportion of crime is caused by alcohol.

I am a strong prohibitionist and read some of the papers. Of course, I am told by many that the crime is very much overestimated. As I have great faith in the sanity of your judgment, would be glad to hear a word from you on the subject. Perhaps I have read it in UNITY, but, if so, have forgotten it. There is no hurry about the answer, so when duties are not too pressing, will you kindly drop me a line? On a post card will do.

Feeling his inadequacy to give the expert information asked for, the Editor of UNITY forwarded the letter to Dr. W. A. Evans, who served so efficiently as the Head of the Chicago Health Department and is now conducting the very wise and valuable Health Department in the *Chicago Tribune,* and who in due time replied as follows:

I wish I knew where I could get the information wanted by Dr. ———— but I do not.

Health officials are not satisfied with vital statistics in their relations to alcohol. I know of no figures from which conclusions of any value can be drawn. As you can readily see, the cases which are of most interest are those in which there are many factors at work and it is difficult to analyze the results which follow. If this is true of disease, it is more true of crime. If you are willing I would like to send your letter enclosing that of your friend to Dr. William Healy, who, I think, can answer it if it can be answered by anybody in Chicago.

The letter was sent and brought forth an answer from Dr. Healy, Professor of Mental Diseases at the Chicago Polyclinic, Member of the Chicago Neurological Society and Head of the Psychopathic Institute, working in connection with the Chicago Juvenile Court. The letter was written directly to our correspondent, and a copy came to UNITY office and is here reproduced.

Your letter to the Rev. Mr. Jones was forwarded through Dr. Evans to me.

It is a sheer impossibility for even those who are directly engaged in the study of the factors of criminality to determine even approximately the proportion of crime which is caused by the over-use of alcohol. However, I may say that I have been astounded by the extent of the influence of intoxication in the production of crime. The effect may be either direct or indirect. Many, many families of normal children, who, we have every reason to believe, might otherwise have turned out all right, have gravitated toward a criminal career because their environment has been in many cases so atrocious. A drunken parent frequently teaches vice and crime, as well as induces it through neglect.

It is a mooted question still whether alcoholism on the part of the male parent produces offspring which tend toward criminality. One doubts if this question can ever be answered, because the effect of the alcoholism is seen most keenly in the environment, which, in turn, may be the direct causative factor. The difficulty of this problem can be seen in the discussion which has been going on between two eminent and trustworthy scientific men in England, namely, Sir Victor Horsley and Karl Pearson.

Without giving any direct statement of figures, we can say we have ample proof that alcoholism is indeed a very great factor in the production of crime.

Accompanying this copy was the following note from Dr. Evans, which is also informing and much to the point. UNITY will be glad to receive further contributions concerning the effect of alcohol upon body and mind from those who approach the subject from the physical and scientific standpoints. The temperance worker approaching the subject from the ethical, spiritual, perhaps we might say the religious stand-

point, has too long been under the suspicion of the would-be "cold" man of science, the impartial statistician. If we mistake not, the tendency among scientific men is more and more toward the standpoint of the total abstainer and the prohibitionist. The hard, cold facts gathered from the jails, the Juvenile Courts and hospitals and medical clinics, go to prove that alcohol is a disturbing element in the physical, mental, ethical and civic systems. Those doctors who still want to preserve for it a place in their materia medica, and who are inclined to claim for it certain food values under certain circumstances, have so small a place for alcohol in all its forms that it is a negligible quantity in the commercial world. The maximum of use conceded to it by the modest alcohol scientific theories carry it no further than the drug store and open the way of the consumer only through the physician's prescription. No scientist, physiological or sociological, that we ever heard of, will undertake to justify on scientific grounds the nasty, depraved, demoralizing saloon as now realized in American communities.

But we, like our correspondents, are looking for light, and hope that many of our readers will follow the suggestion of Dr. Evans in this note, which closes the correspondence:

I enclose a copy of the letter Dr. Healy sent to Dr. ————. I would suggest that she read Karl Pearson's report, which is against the importance of alcohol, and is a reply to the criticism by Victor Horsley thereof. I would also suggest that she read some of the works of Saleeby, in which frequent reference is made regarding the effect of alcohol. I have recently read Metchnikoff on the "Prolongation of Life," and found much in that bearing on the subject.

---

MEMORIES

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;
The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us,
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us,
Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
The yielding to temptations that beset,
That he perchance, though grief be unavailing,
Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,
The faults o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving
When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm and strong,
The fragrance of each life of holy living,
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,
Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,
What love of God or man has rendered precious,
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,
We tenderly may bid the year "Good-bye,"
Holding in memory the good it brought us,
Letting the evil die.

—*Susan E. Gammons.*

## Chicago's "Black Friday"

The gruesome event has passed! Friday has verified once more its ghastly tradition. Chicago has outdone itself! Five lives choked out of five bodies left dangling at the end of as many ropes while a curious crowd watched. City officials with nervous haste, in obedience to the mandates of the court and in compliance with the law of the State, reassured by the decisions of the Governor and Pardoning Board, with trembling hands and resenting consciences, adjusted the straps, draped the mocking white robes, drew on the blinding caps, and then touched the button. For twenty-four hours or more there was an unseemly scramble at the undertaker's rooms, that almost broke into mob violence on the part of the thousands who desired to feast their eyes on the ghastly sight of the hanged bodies. Fortunately the friends of two of the doomed men claimed their own, but unfortunately, three of the bodies were exhibited, and the feverish crowd, including women with babies at their breasts, and little boys and girls were permitted to pass in review through a cordon of policemen, placed by the city and permitted to serve by the consent of the Mayor, who, while he did not "approve," said he had no "right to interfere."

The whole proceeding leaves the conscience of the city confused, the hearts of the sensitive shocked, if not stupefied. The Sheriff, who had to be Master of Ceremonies in this ghoulish violation of the laws of nature in order to fulfill the requirements of the laws of men, promptly declared his disgust, disapproval and abhorrence. An anti-hanging movement was promptly started, as might have been expected, by the women of Chicago; and the preachers of the Gospel, who were so anxious to vindicate the cause of justice and the sanctities of life by the execution, can now deliberately apply themselves to the task of reconciling the divine patience with the human impatience, divine "justice" with divine "mercy," the "law" with the "gospel."

A correspondent asks us what we would do with such criminals as the five who were executed last Friday in Chicago. We would do what the Almighty God would have done with them, tolerated them in the world until decrees other than human should end their career. We would do what religion and the custom of civilized communities do with sick, insane, ignorant and depraved men; first, protect society from the further spread of the disease, further violence of the insane, further depredations of the vicious and the ignorant. This society is abundantly able to do under any conditions now existing in the United States. Our prison walls are high, our police forces are very active and very efficient,—on occasions such as these. But this is but one-half the obligation of the State.

This is only what we would do in the case of a runaway horse, a mad bull, or a savage dog. The next duty of the State is such as devolves in case of the sick, the depraved and the ignorant; it should proceed to heal the spirit, to inform the mind, and to regenerate the soul. To assume that these five victims were beyond healing in these directions, were exempt from the laws of redemption, beyond saving grace as interpreted by the most orthodox of the orthodox, is to fly in the face of both philosophy and experience. Happily this is not a matter of theory, for, even with our present clumsy, almost medieval, ofttimes perfunctory, management of our prisons, the healing process has often been realized, the redemptive forces still left in the blackest of souls have triumphed over and over again. Conversion, regeneration, reform,—we are not particular about the word,—has been realized in the case of "hardened criminals," and we know of no reason why the Gates of Heaven should be closed upon the soul in time, any more than in eternity.

There is a ghoulishness, we fear, even in the demand that at last the prison gates should close ultimately and finally upon any human being. The Indeterminate Sentence is the severest as well as the most encouraging of sentences. We believe that the murderer has still in him possibilities of service to others and to himself. He can be made to contribute to the support of his family and possibly to the support of the family of his victim. His industry can be of a constructive nature, redemptive because educational. When the time comes in the judgment of a competent board of Psychologists and expert students of the defective, when it would be deemed safe to give such men back to the sunshine, back to the free labor of the field or of the shop, back to the hearts that have yearned for them, the firesides that have waited for them, the mothers, wives and sisters that have prayed for them, it would be to the honor of the state, the safety of the community, to trust them once more to the open road and the open life.

It is not within the power of governors or "boards" to *"pardon"* the criminal, they are not called upon to fix a limit to the punishment, or to measure mercies to the violater of law. "Pardoning boards" and governors, like the Courts of Justice, are subject to the "pulls," the "pressures," the "prejudices," and the "policies" that make irregular the decrees and partial their tenderness.

"But," adds our correspondent, "do you really believe that in this era of civic development a civil government could be run on the lines of the Sermon on the Mount? Does it not establish a premium on robbery when you are enjoined to tender your cloak to the thief that has taken your coat?" Theory counts but little. We cannot tell how it would work; we have never tried it, and we have never heard of its having been tried in any fair way. Certainly there is no danger that existing governments will be rash in this direction. We feel sure that the conservative influences of society, legal and social, are sufficiently handicapped with prejudices and "hold-backs" that there is no danger of precipitation in these directions, but we are frank to say that we would love to see the Golden Rule tried, and would like to live in a state of which the Beatitudes constituted the constitution. Such a constitution could scarcely bring more temptation or endanger progress any worse than the ragged documents called "constitutions" that now are the fetish of the courts, the despair of progressive legislators and the shelter of the stupid and the vicious. Let us try it, why not? If not, let us quit our cant. A Gospel that is good for only one day in the week is not equal to the needs of society, and a faith in God and God's laws that breaks down in the presence of every murderer and falls back as a last resort upon the gallows erected by men, is not a faith equal to the daily needs of men and women and the high exigencies of the state.

This leaves unsettled the argument of expediency based on the deterrent element in the gallows. So high an authority as Andrew D. White seems to have some faith still left in the preventive value of hanging, but he is wise enough to see that it is the *promptness* of the sentence rather than the severity of it, that deters. This immediateness is ever secured by the laws of God. The sinner does not have to wait until after death before he feels the flames of hell, neither does he have to pass beyond the grave before he finds himself in a school where the redemptive forces are at work. There are many causes why life should be held cheap in these United States, why murders should be so numerous, more obvious, more evident and more pertinent than the slow processes of the gallows. Hanging is getting to be more and more repugnant to the enlightened conscience, and civilized juries will be more and more reluctant to hang deluded boys, whisky-debauched men, and those reared in poverty, industrial hardship and social neglect.

---

"No life ends, even for this world, when the body, by which it has for a little been made visible, disappears from the face of the earth. It enters into the stream of the ever-swelling life of mankind, and continues to act there with its whole force forevermore. Indeed, the true magnitude of a human being can often be measured only by what this after-life shows him to have been."

## THE PULPIT

### Our Holy Days

SERMON BY VICTOR LYNCH GREENWOOD

*Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary of them. . . . Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Isaiah* 1:14-17.

Isaiah was a prophet and not a priest,—that is, God to him was a living force. He spoke for and in behalf of God. Conscience with Isaiah was not "a vague, inarticulate feeling." Conscience with Isaiah was the word of the Lord, clear and distinct and direct.

He was not a priest, which is equivalent to saying that he did not have the popular view of religion. Religion to him was not the observance of certain forms of worship and ritual. "Come, now," says Jehovah, "let us reason together." Isaiah's conscience is so keen that he is sure that God says that very thing. He is sure that God reasons with man and therefore true religion is impossible unless man can think for himself.

The whole burden of this terrible first chapter of Isaiah is that these people can sacrifice, they can tithe, they can keep their new moons and Sabbaths, but they do not think. Conscience is asleep, so asleep that their worship and wickedness go hand in hand. They keep their new moons and their appointed feasts, but they do not seek justice, they do not relieve the oppressed, they do not judge the fatherless or plead for the widow. "I will hide my eyes from you," says Jehovah, "yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear; your hands are full of blood."

The indictment is that they do not think; they do not consider. *They are so unaware of the holiness of God that they can celebrate holy days without being holy.*

This indictment is as true today as it was in the days of Isaiah. The great majority of people do not think; they do not consider. People are religious by spells. Spasms of religious emotion pass over a community. For a time people stop all kinds of amusements and are fairly regular in church attendance.

The proof that this passing spasm did not recreate the springs of being is seen in the well-known fact that in a few months these same people have turned once more to their religious indifference. When the springs of one's being are purified and regenerated, the life is laid hold of by an ethical passion that ever after compels the person to live on a higher plane. There can be no backsliding, as our Methodist brethren call it.

In the old Egyptian temples there was a mirror so arranged that it turned with the sun and all day long reflected its rays to every part of the shrine. Just so, when the love passion from on high seizes a human being, the heart sends forth its love rays all day long and every day in the year.

When a man is really born from above he is not changed merely for certain days and seasons in the year. The very attitude of the living God has built itself into his soul and he lives with the God-instinct inspiring him, so that he says, "I have found my heaven." Such a man puts love into every act of life. If he is laying brick, the day is short because love is mixed with the mortar. If he employs labor and finds he is doing pretty well himself, he springs a surprise on his employe and raises him a few dollars a month. There is no labor problem in the love life. There are no secular days in such a man's life. That life is God-enthused, and every day in it is holy.

When a certain merchant in the time of John Wesley was asked, after hearing him preach, what Wesley had done, he said, "I don't know what he's done, but I know what I did. When I got home I burnt my short yard-stick and threw out the short pound-weight."

The period called Lent is for the purpose of keeping fresh in our memories the forty days' temptation of Jesus. The church keeps Lent in order to catch his attitude toward temptation and struggle. But think you that Jesus battled with temptation only during those forty days in the wilderness? Think what a life it was: a peasant home, the father dying when Jesus was still a boy; the responsibility upon him to work for mother and five or six younger brothers and sisters. So hard was his lot that he was nearly thirty years of age before the cares of home were lightened sufficiently to enable him to go forth to live the life he had been brooding over so long. His whole life was lived in the wilderness. He knew what it was to face the storm continually, but he so faced it and so lived the life of love that every day was holy.

The memory of that whole life inspires us to put love into every act and worship into every day. If the day before Ash Wednesday is not made holy by holy living, then Ash Wednesday itself will be unholy. If the life is holy beforehand, Lent is unnecessary. If the life is unholy beforehand, then Lent availeth nothing. If there is no harm in a simple game of cards or a social dance, why taboo them during Lent? If the spirit of God controls the life, man will be temperate the year around. It is the height of intemperance to crowd all social functions and amusements up to the last stroke of midnight the day preceding Lent, with the thought that one must give up during those six weeks. There is no giving up to one who has the God-life within him. In the ascent of the soul to God the lower things are gladly and most naturally left behind. "Know ye not that ye are a temple of the living God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

Man has ever struggled upward from the conception of the holiness of a piece of ground and the holiness of a building to the realization of the wholeness of character and the oneness of the whole human family.

At Gettysburg the prophet said, "We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract." The greatest need today is that men shall be dedicated, consecrated to holy living, —that they shall love the love-life and enter within the veil of God's Holy of Holies.

"So you like my song?" said the Honorable Jane to Garth in the Rosary.

"Liked! liked your song! I do not know whether I liked your song."

"Then why," said the Honorable Jane, "this flattering demonstration?"

"Because," said Garth, very low, "you lifted the veil and I—I passed within."

The holiness of life was revealed. Through lives that are worthy the world passes within the veil, and ever after, life is sacred and every day is holy. Until we get to that point, no day will give up of its secret, no day will give up of its beauty, no day will give up of its love. Others may call a certain day holy, but it will have no message for us until we have entered, by the power of his Life, within the veil. And then all days will be holy.

## Geordie

A Sociological Tract by Celia Parker Woolley

The judge entered the courtroom at 10 o'clock and seated himself at the middle desk behind the railing. Two clerks at smaller desks at the sides began to get busy, opening drawers and taking out papers. The six men on the jury,—there were only six in this court,—took their places. The long benches on the opposite side of the room were filling with the usual crowd of petitioners waiting their chance of legal remedy,—women, most of them, with children.

The case of Wygant vs. Wygant was called. A probation officer stepped forward, followed by a man and woman, the latter leading a small boy, slender and fair-haired. He had a white, scared look and, though he kept perfectly still, his alarm increased when his mother placed him directly before the judge and stepped back out of sight.

The Judge glanced at the boy and smiled, then giving his attention to the matter in hand, seemed to forget him. He bore all the signs of a man of unusual refinement, with such gentleness of look and tone that one marvelled how he bore to sit day after day in this place of human discord and suffering. There was not a trace of the public official about him, yet he was keenly alert to everything going on in his little courtroom. A learned professional, an upright citizen, a just and humane man,—these were the qualities that had elected him to office. He knew just the right mixture of legal judgment and simple common sense to apply to every case that was brought before him. He delivered his decisions in the tone of a physician offering a prescription, and, in truth, the atmosphere of the place was that of a moral clinic rather than a justice shop.

He leaned back in his chair and looked slowly from one member of the group before him to another.

The man on his left was of short, stocky build and a swarthy skin which a look of brooding anger and shame darkened still more. The woman on the right was tastefully dressed and of attractive looks. A red spot burned in each cheek and there was a brilliant, rather hard look in her eyes. Between the two, as if guarding them from each other, stood the probation officer and the woman's lawyer.

The boy was the chief object of interest. He kept a look of wistful incomprehension and appeal on the judge, trying his best to act the little man, not to let the tears fall or his lips quiver. All that he knew of this strange, sad scene in which he was forced to take part, and which he knew savored not only of misfortune but of some kind of disgrace, was that it was the dreadful climax of an unhappy variance between the two people he loved most in the world. Once they had all been so happy.

He recalled the day when his papa and mamma visited the Home in which he guessed he was born,—he couldn't remember so far back,—how quickly and rapturously they had selected him from all the other children and borne him away. They took him home to a pretty flat near one of the parks. He was four years old and an orphan, and his name was Daniel O'Harrity. But he hadn't been an orphan a single day since, he was six years old now, and his name was Geordie Wygant.

He remembered the first night when mamma undressed him, papa standing by.

"It must be something of a load for a little shaver to carry around a name like that," papa said. Mamma replied that it was "perfectly ridiculous. His name is Geordie Wygant, and he is mamma's dear little boy." She kissed him and told papa to kiss him. That was Geordie's christening.

They were happy days that followed, fitting the newcomer into his place. The little brass bed, the high-chair, clothes and toys without end, the never-ending fun of searching papa's pockets at night, the mystery and delight of Christmas and other holidays.

No wonder the boy soon came to feel that he was the important member of the household. The two grown-ups were always talking about him, washing and dressing him, taking him to school or to parks, scolding him, too, sometimes, and—yes—scolding each other. They quarrelled about him, first in a joking way, but of late they had been quarrelling in earnest.

Where at first he had one home,—all any reasonable boy can ask,—he now had two. For a long time he had been living first with his mamma in the little flat, and next with his papa, who lived in a poorly-furnished and not very clean room over a store.

What had happened, and what was it all about? And why did the "orfcer woman," as Geordie called her, come to see him from time to time and act as if he was her boy? He could not understand, but he had gathered a few clues. Papa had grown very cross,—never with Geordie,—and talked about " 'stravagance." Mamma cried and said it wasn't true. Papa came home late, then mamma scolded and said something about "bad company." Papa laughed, not in a nice way, and said he could take care of himself.

There was something else that vaguely troubled Geordie. There was "The Other Man." At first he came with papa, and they had a good dinner. Then he began coming when papa was not there. One night the words flew back and forth like knives. They hurt Geordie more than anyone else. From quarrelling about The Other Man they would fall to quarrelling about him. He would feel himself rudely snatched from one to the other. "You are not fit to touch him. I shall leave this house and never come back."

"I don't care if you do."

But Geordie knew, deep down in his bruised little heart, that she did care, that both cared. Nor did this assurance fail him even on the day papa packed his bag and went away, "never to return."

Only on Sundays. Then came the new puzzling

order of things. Every Sunday of the month with mamma he spent outside with his papa, and every Sunday in the other months he came back for the day to the little flat. Mamma cried every time she packed his bag to send him away again, but kept saying, "I will never give up." When his papa brought him back to the flat he would say, "This is pretty rough on us, old boy, but we must act like men."

One evening the bell rang and mamma went to the door. She turned white and uttered a cry of fright. Geordie looked and saw The Other Man.

"How dare you come here?"

The man laughed in a foolish way. "I thought this was just the time to come."

"It will never be the time. You have no business here."

She shut the door and sank into a chair. She shook all over.

"Now the neighbors will talk more than ever."

One day another visitor came. It was the "orfcer woman." Mamma's eyes flashed. "What do you want? I don't need any other woman to help me take care of this child. I shall take him away." She shut the door in the woman's face.

"I am an officer of the court," the woman called back through the closed door. "You will be arrested for contempt. If you dare to take that child out of town——"

And now, standing there before the judge, Geordie supposed that was what had happened. They had been arrested. There sat the judge. What woud the do with them? Everybody was looking at them, especially at him,—Geordie. The judge spoke. He heard his questions and the wrangling remarks of those who stood behind him.

"Well, Mrs. Pritchard," the Judge began.

The "orfcer woman" related her grievances. "She shut the door in my face and threatened to take the boy away. Such a temper! And the neighbors say—Well, I think she is not a fit person to have charge of the child."

Geordie was shocked. His dear, pretty mamma not fit! And to say she had a temper, right out like that. Now the lawyer was speaking.

"A woman may be excused, your honor, for a little excitement if she thinks she is going to lose her child."

"I don't know what you call a 'little excitement.' She laid herself liable for contempt, I know that."

"We'll let that pass for the moment, Mrs. Pritchard." The judge found it difficult sometimes to live up to his faithful aid's ideals of court etiquette and dignity. "Go on, Walker."

"We have this to submit, your honor. This boy's father took him into a saloon last Sunday. We think that alone is enough to prove his unfitness to have the boy in his care."

Geordie caught his breath again. His papa unfit, too! He never knew there were so many unkind people in the world who said such cruel things and saw everything the wrong way. He knew all about that saloon business. If he only dared speak up and tell the judge. It happened on one of their Sunday walks. His father turned into a big gilded doorway on a corner.

"Papa, this is a saloon," Geordie called out warningly.

"I know, son. I only want to get some medicine, I've got a cold." Geordie was very quiet until they came out on the street again.

"I fought we got medicine in the drug store."

"That's right, son. I made a mistake. We'll go to the drug store next time." They walked on to the park. His father did not offer to play with him, but sat on a bench near the pond, smoking a big black cigar. He told Geordie to run along and feed the ducks, but the ducks didn't interest him and he came back to his father's side.

"You sick, papa?"

"Yes—heartsick." He laughed shortly and, rising abruptly, the two sauntered on.

"Do people ever die of heartsick, papa?"

"Not often, only the lucky ones. The rest of us have to grin and bear it. Some people haven't got any hearts—some women haven't—but you musn't say I said that, son."

Son hung his head and said he wouldn't. He was told so often "not to tell" and "never to repeat." The judge was speaking.

"Do you think it very wise to take your son into a saloon?"

"It won't happen again, your honor," but Geordie wondered why his papa didn't explain about the cold. The woman spoke up suddenly.

"I never said he was a drinking man." She cast a discontented look at her lawyer. The judge looked at her curiously. She stood with flushed and downcast face, her hands working nervously.

"And you threatened to take the boy away?" The judge did not raise his voice, but it took on a slight official edge. "The child is a ward of this court. He must not be removed beyond its jurisdiction."

"I know, Judge, I know. I wasn't myself that day. I—I get so nervous sometimes—" her voice broke. The man looked at her with concern.

"She understands, your honor. We both understand." The judge noticed the "we," and looked attentively from the man to the woman. Then he leaned forward and spoke to Geordie.

"How old are you, my boy?" Geordie made a faltering reply. He was "six, goin' on seven."

"Ah, 'going on seven.' That's first-rate. Go to school?"

It was fortunate that Geordie did not have to answer that question audibly. He just nodded. The big tears were falling, he was frightened. The observant crowd murmured sympathetically. His mother leaned over him and put an arm about him.

"Don't be afraid, dear. Nobody's going to hurt you. Answer the judge's questions. That's a good boy."

At the same time the man stepped forward and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder. "It's all right, son. Brace up, old man." Two hands touched and were quickly withdrawn. The woman stood upright with flushing cheeks, the man looked at her gloomily.

"Open the gate," said the judge. Someone opened the small wicket, and Geordie felt himself pushed gently inside. The judge put out his hand and drew the trembling child to him.

"You needn't be afraid of me. I never hurt a little boy in my life. I don't like to hurt the big ones." He drew out his handkerchief, so big and soft and cool, and wiped away the tears. "I know another little chap

like you. He's going on seven, too, calls me grandad." Geordie looked up shyly and smiled.

Everybody was smiling. Mamma's face was mingled sunshine and rain, the gloomy look on papa's was dispelled for a minute, the lawyer beamed through his spectacles, even the "orfcer woman" looked pleased. The judge asked the boy a few more questions, merely perfunctory. Then he rose suddenly to his feet, keeping Geordie's hand in his.

"This case is postponed until tomorrow morning." He looked at the man and woman. "I want to see you two in my office."

The court broke up, the gentlemen of the jury filed slowly out.

"I guess the judge will fix up that case all right," said the foreman.

"Queer judge!" said another, who was serving his first term in this court.

"I'd take the kid off both their hands for half a dollar," said a third.

One of the clerks jumped from his chair and opened a door. The Judge walked through, leading Geordie, and the other two followed. The judge seated himself in a large chair in the middle of the room, lifting the boy to his knee, and motioned the man and woman to seats opposite.

"Now suppose we talk things over and see where we stand. I suppose we agree to begin with that one of us," glancing down at the child, "is or ought to be the chief concern of the other three?"

"You're right there, your honor," said the man.

"Of course, Judge," the woman faltered, not sure where the argument was leading.

"This is the Children's Court. The child is our main interest always. When people get into trouble and no children are involved, they settle their difficulties in another court. I hope you two will never come to that."

The woman looked down at the carpet, the man steadily back at the judge. Geordie's head had fallen back against his new friend's shoulder. He was very comfortable and felt rather sleepy.

"I don't like this month-to-month business. It's too wearing on all of you. It should be three months at least."

"O Judge, I couldn't stand it not to see him for three months." The words ended in a sob, the man seemed to be considering the matter. Then he spoke: "There'd be the Sundays. I suppose that part of the arrangement could stand as it is."

"Um-m. I think not. It's too upsetting—for the boy, I mean."

The boy took no notice. The voices sounded far off, his eyes were closed. The man sat silent, and the only sound was of the woman's sobs.

"All right, Judge. Make it three months for her and one for me. I'll try to stand it," with a wry smile. "Of course, a woman knows best how to take care of a child."

The woman lifted her face and turned sharply toward him. "You know I won't have it that way. You are as fond of him as I am." She might have been accusing him of some fault. A humorous gleam shot over the judge's face.

"Depends on the woman," he replied. "I regard it as a special hardship when a boy is deprived of his father's care and companionship. Fathers have as many rights as mothers, and on the whole perform their duties about as well. The child belongs to both, he needs both." He moved slightly in his chair. Geordie opened his eyes sleepily and closed them again.

"What is the matter here, anyway?" The judge spoke with a touch of impatience. "It seems child's play to me. You, sir, seem to have the making of a good father in you,—good husband, too, as husbands go. You're quick to misjudge and like to rule, but perhaps you've had your lesson. Except for that little matter of the saloon—"

"Saloon!"

The word pierced the boy's losing consciousness. He sat upright. "I know all about that," he said, looking up at the judge.

"O you do?"

"Geordie!" his mother spoke in soft rebuke. "You shouldn't interrupt."

"He isn't interrupting. Go on, Geordie."

"Papa don't go to saloons," in a high, childish treble. "He 'splained it to me; he had a cold—"

The two men laughed.

"Very well, Geordie. Now, seeing that you have waked up, suppose you go over to that window and see if there's a man with a monkey on the corner. I see him there often. Then you can come back and tell me which is the man and which is the monkey."

Geordie, understanding that he was temporarily excused, slipped to the floor and walked slowly toward the window.

"And now, Madam," the judge went on in a courtly fashion, "Just a word with you if you please. I see you know how to admit a mistake. I don't believe you will take the boy away or ever meant to. Neither do I believe you ever meant to jeopardize your good name—" The woman covered her face and again broke into tears. The man looked at her distressfully. Geordie turned and looked, too, his face working pitifully.

"But let us straighten everything out. Something was said about a visiting friend,—a man—"

Geordie ran back to the judge's side. "I know about that, too."

"Oh, Geordie, don't." The man bent eagerly forward and gazed at the child.

"Mamma wouldn't let him come in. She said, 'how dared he,' and she stamped her foot. Then she shut the door—hard."

The woman felt her hand seized. Its pressure compelled her to lift her head. The man's eyes probed and searched her, but hers never faltered.

"Well, well, stamped her foot," said the judge musingly. "Geordie, you are the best witness the Court has heard. Geordie,"—he drew him between his knees. "Which home do you like the best, papa's or mamma's?"

The small face which had grown bright with relief and happy expectation, clouded again. He had so hoped nobody was going to ask any more questions. The man had risen and stood frowning. The matter in his mind was settled. Why was the whole infernal business to be re-opened? The woman's

face showed conflicting emotions. She thought she saw the speaker's drift.

"Which home do you like best, Geordie?"

The boy broke into tears. "I don't like neiver of 'em best. I—I want bofe of 'em. I want to live all togedder again."

"There you have it," said the judge. "He wants 'bofe' of you. It must be 'all togedder' with him or nothing. That is what marriage and home mean. It's fatally easy to get married; it's the hardest thing in the world to behave well afterwards. There are such a lot of people who can't or won't bear disappointment. They assume the gravest duties and obligations, but when real responsibility comes, they shirk. That is the reason our divorce courts are kept busy. Unless you two can learn to measure your personal trials by something outside yourselves and much bigger, by some ruling ideal or principle, some feeling of right and wrong, it does not matter much whether you live singly or apart, each of you is a moral failure and menace to society."

"You put it strong, Judge."

"I put it strong because I feel tremendously on this whole subject. I hate to see good human stock going to waste. But I guess it is going that way this time." He rose to his feet. "Cheer up, Geordie. Run to mamma." She caught him in her arms.

"You never did a better job than this, Judge." The man wrung his hand.

"You've been awfully good to us," the woman murmured.

They prepared to take their leave.

"Where we going, papa?"

"Going to get something to eat. Hungry, Geordie?"

"Mamma too?" with an anxious note.

"Mamma too. Every time! You can bet your hat on that, old man." The boy capered with delight.

The Great Pacificator followed them to the door and stood looking after them as they passed down the outer hall, the child in the middle holding a hand of each. They turned at the street entrance and waved a farewell to him. "Goodbye, Mr. Judge," Geordie called out. The judge raised his hand in parting salute and the three passed out of sight. He looked at his watch. He had just ten minutes for lunch.

## The New Church

The evidences that we need a new church are multiplying. It is not necessarily a new organization that is needed, but a new spirit, new thought, new motives, and new methods of work. It is a waste of time to try to persuade those outside the churches to accept the old time doctrine and conform to the old time rites when the "modernists" inside the Roman Catholic Church and the "liberals" inside the Orthodox Protestant churches are repudiating them. By means of the old doctrines and old methods a momentary excitement may be stirred up; but permanent interest and growth cannot be secured in that way, as the results following great evangelistic endeavors along the old lines clearly show.

We have had enough of dogmatism and formalism, with the persecutions and failures that have accompanied them, and it is now time, it seems to me, to try something that has more of promise in it for the world, something that unites and inspires to reverent and common endeavor in behalf of general well being. It is easy enough to see that the great unifying and inspiring factor in the life of humanity is love. No dogmas, forms or laws are required to bind together in one the members of a family, community or nation who are actuated by that mutual love that finds its greatest happiness in promoting mutual good. Jesus had risen to something nobler than theology, ritual or law when he says: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." And by that same token will the members of the new church be known.—*E. A. Coil.*

*From the Unitarian Calendar.*

### THE ROOT'S DREAM

From the dark earth cool and fragrant,
A gnarled unlovely root
Sent forth in the rippling sunshine
A slender gold-green shoot.

The shoot in the languid breezes
Was soon by a pale bloom bent;
A sense of its frail white beauty
The sun to the black root sent.

The root was thrilled by a vision,
A vision of peace supreme:—
The fragile star of a blossom
Was the black root's dainty dream.

*R. K. MunKiltrick.*

### HUMAN SACRIFICE

The priest, the Druid, drew the knife to slay,
And offer up to God his fellowman;
Or did he deem a maiden's life would sway
The justice of the god of their fierce clan?

The Aztec sought to slake the thirst divine,
Of justice in the angry god he feared;
Both altars flowed with blood—'twere better wine,—
Thus human slaughter hath its altars reared.

Revenge slays all who ever once have slain,
Though motives differ as the sky from nadir,
Its lips are thirsty for the soul insane,
E'en though that soul be just what Nature made her.

If one more slaying could restore the other,
And not add anguish to more innocents,
Then might the priest all mercy seek to smother,
While vengeance on the erring head he vents.

The priest 'tween man and blood should mediate,
And stay the slaying hand, like Abram's lifted,
And never seek with knife to satiate—
That was a voice divine through clouds then rifted.

It saved a son and seeks to save all sons,
E'en to that one whose frenzy hath done wrong;
Through ill-formed brains a moment's raging runs,
Or from defects the stream of ill flows long.

The priest of love should now lift up his voice
Against the crimes of those inhuman ages,
Restrain the hand whose unrestrained choice
Has stained with gore the long sad history's pages.

PERRY MARSHALL.

*New Salem, Mass.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

**The Unity Publishing Company**
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR ..... MRS. WILLIAM KENT

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

*"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."*

# THE FIELD

*"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."*

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, editor in chief of UNITY, as usual is to spend the month of March in the South, his itinerary to carry him to Wheeling, West Virginia, to Richmond, Virginia, Goldsboro, North Carolina, Savannah, Georgia, and other points. Perhaps there are a few open dates left. Address Rev. Geo. Solomon, Savannah, Georgia.

PERSONAL. Readers of UNITY will be interested to know that the Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, of our editorial staff or UNITY and frequent contributor, has resigned the pastorate at Roslindale, Mass., and that he and his wife are to pass some months in Southern California. Dr. Crooker will supply the pulpit at Redlands for some time. These friends have earned rest, and we congratulate them on their ability to escape from the Boston east winds to the benignant breezes of Southern California.

## AN UNIQUE CHILD WELFARE EXHIBIT

The first week in February, Northampton, Mass., carried through a Child Welfare Exhibit which not only embodied some distinctive features but was notable as the first attempt to show in this way the problems of childhood in rural districts. While showing on a smaller scale than large city exhibits the needs, conditions, and opportunities of child life in general, the Northampton experiment was successful in enlisting the co-operation of students of Smith College who, as a body, were reached by this as never before by a similar presentation. Volunteer service in which over thirty institutions, various city organizations and hundreds of individuals united accomplished what is usually the work of a paid staff. In this and in the money and material contributed by citizens the exhibit was an object lesson to small communities which have regarded such undertakings as impossible for them. Hastings H. Hart, of the Child Helping Department of the Russell Sage Foundation, C. C. Carstens of the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children—under whose Hampshire Branch the exhibit was given—Dr. Fletcher B. Dressler of the United States Bureau of Education, and Charles F. Powlison, general secretary of the General Committee for the New York Child Welfare Exhibit, were among the specialists in child sociology who addressed conferences and studied the exhibit.

Situated in the western end of the state, Northampton is in the great placing-out territory for childrens' societies of Boston and the more congested eastern end. The Neglected Child was one of four main heads under which the exhibit was grouped, the others dealing with Health, Recreation, and Education. In addition to other contributions the health section showed a valuable milk exhibit under direction of Professor Hurd, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. The recreation section provided popular attractions such as drills, folk-dances, Boy Scout displays, and music. The educational section summarized the opportunities of this widely known center of colleges and special schools. Besides schools, whose showing was one of the strong features, Hampshire county has an enrollment of 1912 in private schools; 2744 in three colleges of liberal arts—Smith, Mt. Holyoke, and Amherst; 653 in agricultural schools; and 1348 in special schools—a total of 6657, not including the 900 registrations in classes in cultural and educational subjects at the Peoples' Institute, which is George W. Cable's institution for cross-sectioning society as locally typified by Smith students and boys and girls of the laboring classes. Vocational opportunities were shown in the exhibit from Hopkins Academy, Hadley, where agricultural and other classes have been added to literary classes, and in that from Smith's Agricultural School, whose class-room work in cooking and manual training was illustrated daily throughout the exhibit.

Prof. Elizabeth K. Adams, of Smith College faculty, had charge of a "survey" which compared German and American educational requirements, showed the rapid increase of foreign population throughout Hampshire county, and further indicated the amount of work done since early November by Dr. F. W. Roman and his economic classes at Smith in visiting country schools, interviewing town authorities, and otherwise gathering statistical material, and making charts for the exhibit.

The Forbes library contribution was a happy illustration of the privileges of children of the Northampton public schools, where the large purchasing fund of the library enables it to lead in such extension as introducing hundreds of copies of the worlds' best pictures into the grades to supplement the study of geography and history, and to beautify the walls according to a complete decorative scheme designed by careful students of art. —*The Survey.*

## FROM EUROPE TO SOUTH AMERICA IN FIVE DAYS

The race for South American trade has spurred European capitalists to project a new rail and water line that will land goods on the coast of our southern continent in five days after leaving Europe. This will increase the handicap of North American merchants, of course, and may revive the idea of an all-rail line to South America. The possibility of a shorter route from Europe to South America has been bruited for some time, and at the Algeciras Conference it received the favorable attention of King Alfonso and the representatives of the European Powers. The present plan, as presented in the *Universum* (Leipsic), is to be carried out at follows:

"In connection with the trunk system of European lines a road to be known as the 'Ibero-Afro-American Railway' is contemplated. It is intended to cross Spain, and at Gibraltar huge ferry-boats will transport trains to the African coast in half an hour. A shore line will be built from Tangier to Bathurst (Dakar), a distance that will require a journey of two days. From the latter point, which is the nearest to South America, fast steamers will carry passengers and freight in three days to the city of Pernambuco. This five-day journey would, therefore, mean a reduction of over a week in time from Mediterranean ports, and more in proportion from northern ports. The cost of the enterprise has been estimated at $140,000,000. A committee formed in Spain and headed by the Marquis de Camarasa proposes that the governments of the countries interested should urge capitalists to take stock with a guaranty of 4-per-cent. interest.

"Obviously France and England will derive the greatest benefit from this road, as they will be enabled to reach their colonies much quicker, while Spain will receive the benefit of an immense international traffic. Germany and Italy, too, would come in closer contact with their contrymen in South America. Morocco, however, would derive the greatest immediate advantage, as a railroad through its vast territory would open its door to Europena civilization. In its legal aspects the road would be an international line."

—*Literary Digest.*

**The DREXEL LAUNDRY**

3909 Langley Avenue, Chicago
TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 642

**BEST POSSIBLE LAUNDRY SERVICE**

**Bowman Dairy Company**

*Milk bottled in the country*

Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk
Do our wagons serve you?
Why not have the best?

*4221-4229 State Street*
Telephones at all division offices.
*Evanston* ·· Chicago ·· *Oak Park*

**HEALTH BULLETIN**

USE WANZER'S GERM-NO MILK
WANZER'S DELICIOUS, RICH CREAM
WANZER'S BUTTER CUP BRAND CREAMERY BUTTER

All guaranteed and can be obtained only of

**SIDNEY WANZER & SONS**

21 E. THIRTIETH ST. Phone—Douglas 817
6315 KIMBARK AVE. Phone—Hyde Park 207
600 W. 71ST. ST. Phone—Stewart 139

**ADVANCE ROOFING AND SHEET METAL WORKS**

INCORPORATED

Frank R. Prieve, President
4821 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Telephone Drexel 231

**SCHUMANN & CO.**

**.. DYERS AND CLEANERS ..**

Men's Suits Cleaned and Pressed $1.00
Men's Suits Pressed $0.50
WE HAVE EXPERT MEN TO DO OUR PRESSING. NO MACHINE WORK
Office and Works: 3954 Cottage Grove Avenue
Four Doors South of Drexel State Bank

**A MAGAZINE of LAUGHTER**

THE FUNNIEST OF ALL THE FUNNY MAGAZINES
Brimful of wholesome wit and humor. Join the campaign for One Million subscribers by sending 25 CENTS in Coin for One Year or five (5) separate subscriptions for $1.00. Foreign sub'ns, 25 cents extra.
THOMPSON'S MAGAZINE, Dept. AO, 328 Federal St., Chicago

**PROCTOR ACADEMY**

**Andover, N. H.**

A Unitarian School for both sexes. In the foothills of the White Mountains, 100 miles from Boston. Pure water. Bracing air. Separate Dormitories. New Buildings. Five Courses—College Preparatory, Scientific, English, Business, Agriculture. Elementary. College Certificate privileges. Free Tuition to ten students. Gymnasium. 10-acre Athletic Field. School Farm of 100 Acres. $250 a year—no extras. For catalogue address,
Theodore Parker Farr, A. M., Principal.

FOR

**ICE CREAM**

Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290

**Frozen Arts**

743 East 43rd St.

**1902-One Wagon**
**1911-10 Wagons**
**and**
**Four Automobiles**

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

**BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.**

Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Tel. Douglas 3882. Est. 1873

**Wm. Wilson**

Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery, Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago

**DRUGS** COMPLETE STOCK BEST QUALITY

**C. R. WALGREEN & CO.**

Successors to W. G. Valentine